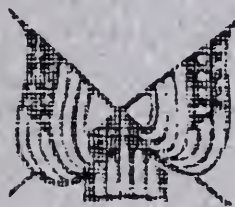


The
Utah Indian War
Veteran's

Singer



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The Utah Indian War Veteran's Songster



SKELTON PUBLISHING CO.

Salt Lake City

1907

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SALUTE THE OLD DEFENDER.

BY PHIL V. FIELD.

A Tribute to the Grand Army.

Salute the Old Defender, boys,
Nor ever fail to greet
The soldier bold, now growing old,
When e'er you chance to meet.
Thus prove that you are grateful, boys,
To one who pledged his life,
And met the foe long years ago
In fierce, fraternal strife.

CHORUS:

Oh, children of a glorious land,
You have within your keep
The million passing warriors
And the million now asleep;
So treasure well your heritage,
'Twill lustre 'round you shed;
Show homage to the living now—
Pay tribute to the dead.

Revere the Old Defender, girls,
For he is staunch and true;
And knight of old was not more bold
Than he who wore the blue.

So speed your salutations now—
 To valor give just due—
 Let girl and boy esteem it joy
 To greet the vet'ran true.

He worships God, holds dear our flag,
 Loves country, home and friend;
 And "by brevet" is on guard yet,
 And will be to the end.
 Then hail the Old Bronze Button all!
 'Tis worn upon a breast
 That brav'd its fire in conflict dire,
 On plain and mountain crest.

Strew flowers each Memorial Day,
 Where silent soldiers lie;
 To those who live, pray ever give
 Earn'd honors ere they die.
 And death can never conquer them;
 They fought in freedom's name—
 Their victories on land and seas
 Have won immortal fame.

THE LAST MARCH.

C. M.

The weary march of onward boys, that weary
 march is o'er—
 I hear the bugle sound once more upon that gold-
 en shore.

The last tattoo has been sounded for me and
 many more;
 Our days of weary march are o'er on this our
 earthly shore.
 Soon on the resurrection morn, mid realms of
 heavenly light,
 We'll all respond to assemble call with flags and
 banners bright.
 Then wrap the flag around me, boys, the flag we
 love so true;
 The Stars and Stripes, our country's pride, the
 dear red, white and blue.

THE INDIANS ARE TICABOO NOW.

BY L. A. BAILEY.

TUNE: Where Is My Boy Tonight.

Where is Blackhawk and Chief Sanpitch?
 They're having a big pow-wow;
 They've gone to smoke the pipe of peace—
 The Indians are ticaboo now.

CHORUS:

O! where are the braves tonight!
 O! where are the reds tonight!
 They're smoking their pipe by the camp-fire light;
 The Indians are ticaboo now.

Where is Walker and his cruel band
 Who shot and scalped our men?

Have they skulked away to some other land—
Shall we ever see them again?

CHORUS:

Who knew Dick, Bob and Arapine,
Friend Kanosh and Captain Joe?
John was a friend and ne'er no fiend—
Never was a sneaking foe.

CHORUS:

Where's Tabby and painted gang,
With long hair and sloping brow?
Some are fed by our Uncle Sam,
But Tabby has yakwayed now.

CHORUS:

Do you remember old Batiste?
O! his eyes were like the hawks!
But now he's dead—he is at peace—
He's buried his tommyhawk.

CHORUS:

Chief Sanpitch (broke from Manti jail)
Was shot while running away.
Ankewahkets was made quite tame—
Both became weino that day.

CHORUS:

Black Hawk stole cattle from Scipio;
Was known as a wicked Ute.
He laid down his gun and his bow
When he could no longer shoot.

FUNERAL HYMN.

COMPOSED BY WILLIAM GRANT.

TUNE: O! My Father.

Life is as a loving favor,
 Granted us by God above.
 As a mission from the Father
 To the earthly land of love;
 Though the trials may be many,
 And our path be strewn with thorns,
 Let us trust His loving mercy
 Till we gain our heavenly home.

Just beyond the mystic river,
 In the glorious heavenly land,
 Where the light of God is ever,
 Midst the holy angel band;
 Friends with joy and loving favors
 On that beauteous golden shore,
 Will embrace you, fondly greet you,
 Bid you welcome, welcome o'er.

There we'll sing a glad hosannah,
 For the work so nobly done;
 Honor to the Great Redeemer,
 Christ, the Lord, the blessed Son;
 Over death and hell He triumphed,
 Brought the resurrection morn;
 Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
 Shout for joy, the victory's won!

AROUND THE BIER.

DOUBLE C. M.*Lines Written on the Death of a Comrade.*

Around the bier again we meet with bowed uncovered head;
His lips are still, his brow is cold, our comrade dear is dead.
We'll scatter garlands o'er the grave of him we loved so well,
And of his many deeds so brave our tongues will fondly tell.

All through the long and weary night when foemen lurked about,
He stood a true and faithful guard, his honor none could doubt.
He was among those soldiers few, though not of world renown,
Who never failed to dare and do, who now shall wear a crown.

Long shall we sing their praises here, and do them honors true—
They led the way, they blazed the trail, and soon an empire grew.
What once was barren desert waste is now a fruitful land;
And where the wickiups once stood are towns and cities grand.

Then lay our comrade gently down, his work on
 earth is done—
 His trials are o'er, his ills are past, the race of
 life is run.
 Far up above in mansions bright, where God and
 angels dwell,
 He goes his darling ones to meet: their joys no
 tongue can tell.

UTAH VETERANS.

COMPOSED BY MISS THERESA MAESAR OF BEAVER.

TUNE: America.

Comrades so true and dear,
 Gladly we meet you here
 This happy day.
 Once more we clasp the hand,
 Once more united stand,
 A noble gallant band
 Of veterans gray.

Soldiers of early days,
 In songs of joy and praise,
 Join hearts and voice.
 Murmuring breeze and rill,
 Echoes from crag and hill,
 Your songs our bosoms thrill,
 Bids us rejoice.

Our daughters and our sons,
 We gray-haired veterans,
 Have this desire;
 When life for us is o'er
 And we can meet no more,
 Keep burning as of yore
 Our old camp-fire.

Look to its flames so bright,
 Make it a beacon light
 To guide our way.
 Treasure within your breast,
 Keep on your minds impressed
 Deeds of those Heroes blest,
 Of Black Hawk Days.

OUR LEAKY TENTS.

TUNE: Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
 In our leaky tents we sit
 Thinking of the good old times
 That in Springville City
 We had spent so gay;
 And our hearts grew sad to think
 Of the long time we'd be gone
 From our dear old home
 And friends so far away.

CHORUS:

Snow! Hail! Rain! and windy weather,
 • Pelting on our weather-beaten forms,

Till it seems to us that winter
With its white robes has set in,
And we have to bear the brunt
Of wintry storms.

In our leaky tent we sit
Thinking of our friends and foes,
And alternately with love
And hate were moved;
For we hate the sneaking red-skins,
And would like to deal them blows
That would bring to Sanpete peace
And us our homes.

CHORUS:

On the Saturday night we thought
That on the morrow we'd start home,
When the dreadful news
From Snow to us arrived,
To remain another "forty,"
If by him it was required
To protect the men of Sanpete
And their wives.

CHORUS.

Though the boys they all felt bad,
But they never would go home
Until they were released
From his command,
And they cheerfully obeyed
All the orders that were sent,
To remain and drive the Indians
From the land.

CHORUS:

OUR ANNUAL GATHERING.

BY W. CLEGG.

TUNE: Battle Cry of Freedom.

We will rally to the front, boys,
 We'll rally to the call,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
 We'll rally to our Jubilee,
 Held at the Reynolds Hall,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS:

Then, Utah forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
 Down with invaders and up with the stars;
 While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once
 again,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Let's be ready any time,
 If necessity requires,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
 To rally to the muster,
 If duty so requires,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS:

We are ready, boys, as ever,
 Murderous foes to drive away,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

But we never can forget the time
 We guarded night and day,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS:

If ever in fair Utah
 There is need to fight again,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
 For families and friends,
 Sacred rights we will maintain,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS:

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

BY W. CLEGG.

TUNE: John Brown's Body.

Come, brave comrades,
 And celebrate the days
 When with merry voices,
 Singing cherry lays,

(Repeat last two.)

When we went to the Black Hawk war.

CHORUS:

Merry, merry, merry, comrades,
 Merry, merry, merry, comrades.
 Merry, merry, merry, comrades.
 Who went to the Black Hawk war.

Years rolled away,
 But we never can forget
 The cold, stormy days,
 Or the rugged roads, you bet,
 When we went to the Black Hawk war.

Those days surely
 We jeopardized our lives,
 Guarding our friends,
 Their children and their wives,
 When we went to the Black Hawk war.

CHORUS:

Peace to the boys
 Who perished in war;
 Peace to the memory
 Of those gone before,
 Who went to the Black Hawk war.

CHORUS:

Never let us fail,
 When winter comes around,
 Keeping up acquaintances,
 Let us still be found,
 Who went to the Black Hawk war.

CHORUS:

When we leave this world
 May we all meet again,
 Where there's neither winter,
 Nor cold drizzling rain,
 Or going to the Black Hawk war.

CHORUS:

WHEN THE ANGEL CALLS THE ROLL.

BY M. L. PRATT.

TUNE: Just Before the Battle.

Many mighty ones have fallen,
 Sons of Utah true and brave.
 Sleep within her peaceful valleys
 In an honored soldier's grave.
 Ceased has every sound of battle—
 Peace now reigns throughout the land;
 We no longer hear the war-cry
 From the savage Indian band.

CHORUS:

Comrades, hear the dear old bugle
 Sounding from the other shore,
 Where our brave departed heroes
 Dwell in peace forever more.

Comrades see our ranks are thinning,
 Let us rally while we may,
 Side by side in sweet reunion,
 As we rallied for the fray.
 Soldiers, veterans, still remaining,
 Who were comrades in the past,
 Keep, O keep! love's camp-fire burning
 In each bosom to the last.

CHORUS:

We are marching slowly onward,
 Marching on life's evening shore;
 We ere long will cross the river,
 Soon life's battles will be o'er.
 When we hear the bugle sounding,
 Calling forth each faithful soul,
 May no comrade dear be missing.
 When the angel calls the roll.

CHORUS:

THE GENTLER GLORY.

TUNE: "Webb."

While soldiers tell the story
 Of valor on the field,
 Where waved the flag of glory
 When freemen would not yield.
 As they the scenes are bringing
 Before our raptured view,
 It sets our pulses springing
 To life and pride anew.

But there was other glory
 In those momentous days,
 Away from battle gory,
 Away from war's displays.
 A glory power possessing
 Inspired as from above,
 A sacrificial blessing,
 Devoted women's love.

THE ARMY BEAN NO. 1.

TUNE: Sweet Bye and Bye.

There's a spot that the soldiers all love,
The mess-tent is the place that we mean,
And the dish that we like to see there,
Is the old-fashioned white army bean.

CHORUS:

'Tis the bean, that we mean,
And we'll eat as we never eat before;
The army bean, nice and clean,
We will stick to our beans evermore.

Now the bean in its primitive state
Is a plant we have all often met,
And when cooked in the old army style,
It has charms we shall never forget.

CHORUS:

The German is fond of sauerkraut,
The potato is loved by the Mick,
But all soldiers have long since found out
That thro' life to our beans we should stick.

Refrain— Tune: "Tell Aunt Rhoda."
Beans for breakfast, beans for dinner,
Beans for supper—Beans! Beans! Beans!

PROUDLY IN GLORY FLOATING O'ER US.

A SONG AND CHORUS, BY J. M. WESTWOOD.

TUNE: Battle Cry of Freedom.

We will rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Proudly in glory floating o'er us,
Always gallantly defended
By our worthy Utah men,
Proudly in glory floating o'er us.

CHORUS:

The old flag forever! hurrah, boys! hurrah!
And now on "old glory" we placed another star,
We will rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Proudly in glory floating o'er us.

'Twas for this we went to Sanpete,
In the woeful war days past,
Proudly in glory floating o'er us;
For we marched in summer sun,
For we stood in winter's blast,
Proudly in glory floating o'er us.

CHORUS:

'Twas a fearful sacrifice,
That was offered for it then,

Proudly in glory floating o'er us,
 Of the noblest and the best
 Of fair Utah's worthy men,
 Proudly in glory floating o'er us.

CHORUS:

And today we'll firmly pledge, boys,
 We'll rally round the gift,
 Proudly in glory floating o'er us,
 That our deeds be ever faithful,
 Humanity to lift,
 Proudly in glory floating o'er us.

CHORUS:

YOU WELL REMEMBER, COMRADES.

A SONG AND CHORUS BY WM. CLEGG.

TUNE: Nelly Gray.

You well remember, comrades,
 Over thirty years ago,
 How we used to travel up and down,
 How we scouted o'er the country,
 Through the mountains everywhere,
 As we sought for our savage, wily foe.

CHORUS:

Our folks were guarded then
 By our trusty Home-guard men,
 Or we might have never seen them any more;

For we scouted o'er the country,
 Through the mountains everywhere.
 As we sought for our savage wily foe.
 Our friends they sent us clothing
 And provisions all the time;
 Our wives sent us more than they could spare,
 For they knew that in our campaigns
 We had need of many things,
 And they liberally contributed their share.

CHORUS:

They killed and wounded many,
 And they drove much stock away;
 And oftimes not one of them were seen;
 From behind the rocks and bushes
 We were shot at many a time,
 And our people were in fear both night and day.

CHORUS:

We think it time the nation
 Took some notice of our case,
 And gave us a little generous pay;
 For the time and means it cost us
 While attending to the "Reds,"
 E'er the ones that deserve it pass away.

CHORUS:

Let us keep up the practice
 Of assembling every year,
 To join with each other heart and hand;
 To commemorate occasions,
 When we rallied with a will,
 Our citizens from massacre to save.

CHORUS:

BLACK HAWK TIMES.

SONG AND CHORUS BY F. CHRISTENSEN, FAIRVIEW.

TUNE: Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

Black-hawk and his red-skin band,
 Was a terror in the land;
 Proud he was, the Indian chief,
 Who could live on Mormon beef.

CHORUS:

Singing heyeh, heyeh, yah,
 Singing heyeh, heyeh, yah,
 Heyeh, heyeh, heyeh, yah.

Every "Hawk" has piercing eyes—
 From the hills his prey he spies—
 Waits till Mormons pray and sleep,
 When he takes their cows to keep.

CHORUS:

I have always heard folks say
 Men should watch as well as pray.
 True, they did quite early rise.
 Scratch their heads and rub their eyes.

CHORUS:

Then they find their cattle gone—
Beat the drum and sound the horn;
“Get yer guns and don’t bewail,
But git on that Indian trail.”

Up the Canyon, big and wide,
Watching every mountain side,
While ahead some twenty mile
Black-hawk and his red-skins smile.

CHORUS:

After hours continuous tramp
Strike they Black-hawk’s breakfast camp;
Scraps of hide and roasted bone,
But the “Hawks” have long since gone.

CHORUS:

Hungry and with weary feet,
Turn about and make retreat;
Having learned this truth that day,
“Better watch as well as pray.”

CHORUS:

Black-hawk then was all the dread,
Now he’s good, for he is dead;
When he left us he was bound
For the “Happy Hunting Ground.”

CHORUS:

ALL DOWN ALONG THE UTAH VALLEY.

A SONG AND CHORUS, BY WM. CLEGG.

TUNE: The Swanee River.

All down along the Utah Valley,
 Our homes were spread,
 There's where our hearts were turning ever,
 For there our loved ones stayed,
 While up and down the rugged mountains
 Daily we roamed,
 Still wishing for the war's cessation,
 And meeting the dear ones at home.

CHORUS:

Every scene looked sad and dreary,
 Everywhere we roamed;
 O, comrades! how the heart feels weary
 Far from the dear ones at home.

We rallied when the bugle sounded,
 Our lives the stake;
 And many were the dangers encountered
 For love and duty's sake.
 We watched and chased the crafty Indian,
 Often cold and wet,
 But kindly treated by each other,
 The slain we did not forget.

CHORUS:

Help, kind and loving, for the wounded,
 Peace for the dead;
 Long be the living much respected;
 Good things for all be said.
 When in reunion we assemble,
 In love and joy,
 Invaders at our strength may tremble,
 Nor again our peace destroy.

CHORUS:

THE ARMY BEAN NO. 2.

TUNE: Sweet Bye and Bye.

There were beans of all colors and kinds,
 But the bean that just fills up the eye
 Is the white bean, and long may it wave
 For the boys till the sweet bye and bye.

CHORUS: On page 17.

But although the white bean was so fine,
 There were times when we all used to kick,
 For sometimes the old kettle would boil dry,
 And the beans to the bottom would stick.

CHORUS:

Though the war is all over and gone,
 Yet its scenes well remember we yet
 The old molasses and beans of the past,
 We can never, no, never, forget.

CHORUS:

TENTING ON THE NEW CAMP-GROUND.

BY JAMES J. CLARK.

TUNE: Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground.

We're tenting tonight in places secure,
 Our toils and dangers o'er;
 We're singing the songs of long ago,
 Of days that come no more.

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
 Saddened through the strife long ceased;
 Many are the hearts looking for the light,
 In heaven's bright realms of peace.
 Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
 Tenting on the new camp-ground.

We're tenting tonight with no danger near,
 Our hearts beat glad and high;
 And yet it brings a sadness now,
 To think of days gone by.

CHORUS:

We're tenting tonight, but the old camp-ground
 Deserted long, and cold,
 Like memory comes to us tonight,
 Mingling the new and old.

CHORUS:

We're tenting tonight on a new camp-ground,
 The old one now is gone,
 The old and new we now entwine
 In garland wreaths of song.

We're tenting tonight, may our camp-fire burn
 A strong and steady blaze,
 While comrades make the welkin ring,
 With songs of other days.

CHORUS:

HER BLESSING MET HIM THERE.

TUNE: The Sword of Bunker Hill.

How many lives are clouded now
 With sorrow from those years;
 How many hearts in sadness bow
 In anguish and in tears.
 The warriors fame and glory reap
 As they to battle go.
 'Twas woman's part to wait and weep
 In solitude and woe.
 Despite her grief she labored well,
 The soldier's life to cheer,
 Whatever fate his lot befell,
 Her loving aid was near.
 'Mid cannons' fire and rifles' rain,
 With carnage everywhere,
 In sickness, wounds, and lonely pain,
 Her blessing met him there.

AMERICA.

BY REV. S. F. SMITH.

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing.
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the Pilgrims pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring

My native country, thee
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love.
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
 And float from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song.
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our Father, God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing.

Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

THE ARMY BEAN NO. 3.

TUNE: Sweet Bye and Bye.

Hot coffee in an old oyster can,
 With hard-tack broken in we have seen,
 On which soldiers a square meal would make,
 When well mixed with the old army bean.

CHORUS: on page 17.

Our fat pork and tough beef night and day,
 We have stuck on a stick long and clean,
 And have cooked o'er the bright burning blaze,
 To eat with our old army bean.

CHORUS:

Now that peace spreads her wings o'er the land,
 And the musket gives place to the plow,
 In reunion we'll strengthen our band,
 And no new-fangled grub we'll allow.

CHORUS:

AULD LANG SYNE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind,
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS:

For auld lang syne, my boys,
 For auld lang syne;
 We'll have a thought of kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We two have run about the braes,
 And pulled the daisies fine;
 We've wandered many a weary foot
 Since days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS:

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
 And give a hand of thine;
 We'll have a right good hearty shake
 For days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS:

(Extra verse for the Handcarts.)
 We two have walked across the plains,
 From morn till sun's decline,
 We'll have a thought of kindness yet
 For days of auld lang syne,

WE MEET AGAIN.

BY M. E. CRANDALL, JR.

TUNE: We Come Again.

We meet again with joyful greeting,
 To welcome friends and comrades dear,
 And while the happy hours are fleeting,
 We'll fill each saddened heart with cheer.

CHORUS:

We meet, meet again,
 We meet, meet again,
 We meet with songs of gladness,
 We meet, meet again,
 We meet, meet again,
 We meet, we meet again.

We meet today in pleasant union,
 Renew the ties of love and peace,
 While mingling in this sweet communion,
 Affection's holy bounds increase.

CHORUS.

How often in the days of old,
 We met around the camp-fire bright,
 Or watching for the red man bold
 We passed the long weary night.

We'll banish every thought of sadness
 While gathered round our camp-fire bright,
 We'll sing the songs of praise and gladness,
 And reunite in love each year.

CHORUS.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Let us pause in life's pleasures
 And count its many tears,
 While we all sup sorrow with the poor.
 There's a song that will linger
 Forever in our ears:
 O! hard times come again no more.

CHORUS:

'Tis the song, the sigh, of the weary,
 Hard times! hard times! come again no more.
 Many days you have lingered around my cabin
 door.
 O! hard times, come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty,
 And music light and gay,
 There are frail forms fainting at the door,
 Though their voices are silent,
 Their pleading looks would say,
 O! hard times, come again no more.

CHORUS:

There's a pale drooping maiden
 Who toils her life away,
 With a warm heart whose better days are o'er,
 Though her voice would be merry,
 'Tis sighing all the day
 O! hard times come again no more.

CHORUS:

'Tis a sigh that is wafted
 Across the troubled wave;
 'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
 'Tis a dirge that is murmured
 Around the lonely grave,
 O! hard times come again no more.

CHORUS:

WHEN THE INDIAN WARRIOR BOYS ASSEMBLE.

BY J. M. WESTWOOD.

TUNE: Marching Through Georgia.

Rouse the good old tune again,
 We'll sing a soldier's song,
 Sing to our veteran friends
 Who bring good cheer along,
 Sing it with a chorus that will echo loud and
 strong,
 When the Indian warrior boys assemble.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! Reunion Day has come;
 Hurrah! hurrah! the bugle greets the drum,
 Pork and beans are baking while the comrades
 cry yum, yum,
 When the Indian warrior boys assemble.

Throw away the years, my boys,
 Some forty, less or more,
 Forget your hair is growing gray
 Or parted "wide before,"
 We'er young recruits again, boys,
 As in the days of yore,
 When the Indian warrior boys assemble.

CHORUS:

We grasp the hand of comrades
 With that grip that holds like steel,
 Our cheers are like the tempest wild
 That swept the battle-field;
 Within fair Utah's proud domain
 Our power shall never yield,
 When the Indian warrior boys assemble.

THE DAYS' BLOODY STRIFE.

A SONG AND CHORUS, BY WM. CLEGG.

TUNE: Marching Through Georgia.

We never can forget, boys,
 The days of bloody strife,
 When many an unsuspecting man
 Lost property and life,
 Nor how the "reds" our cattle stole
 And drove our teams away,
 When we went after the Indians.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! those gloomy days are o'er;
 Hurrah! hurrah! we hope they'll come no more;
 We were a jolly crowd of boys as ever took up
 arms,
 When we went after the Indians.

It was Providence protected us
 When scouting many a day.
 We passed ravines and canyons
 Where our foes in ambush lay,
 They often watched and feared us
 When we might have been their prey,
 When we went after the Indians.

Though some were killed and some were hurt
 And others badly scared,
 Like men we stuck together then
 And every danger shared;
 We valued homes and families
 Much dearer than our lives,
 When we went after the Indians.

CHORUS:

Our sons are mostly married now,
 Our daughters loving wives,
 They don't know what their fathers dared
 To shield and save their lives,
 Nor how their mothers toiled at home
 To make their fathers' clothes,
 When we went after the Indians.

CHORUS:

We never have been pensioned yet,
 But hope some time we may;
 There's many of us living yet,
 But some have passed away;
 Our Sanpete friends give us the praise
 Of saving many lives,
 When we went after the Indians.

CHORUS:

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

KEY.

Oh! say, can you see
 By the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed
 At the twilight's last gleaming;
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars
 Through the perilous fight
 O'er their ramparts we watched,
 Were so gallantly streaming;
 And the rockets' red glare,
 Bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night
 That our flag was still there.
 Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave.

On the shore dimly seen
 Through the mist of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host
 In dread silence reposes;
 What is that which the breeze
 O'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows
 Half concealed, half disclosed;
 Now it catches the gleam
 Of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected.
 Now shines on the stream!
 'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave.

Oh, thus be it ever
 When free men shall stand
 Between their loved homes
 And foul war's desolation;
 Blessed with victory and peace,
 May the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that gave
 And preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must,
 For our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—
 "In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave.

ONCE MORE WE ARE CALLED TO ASSEMBLE.

A SONG AND CHORUS, BY M. E. CRANDALL, JR.

TUNE: Red, White and Blue.

Once more we are called to assemble
By the notes of the bugle soft and clear;
In our ranks there are none who dissemble,
All march with a soul full of cheer.
Before us are faces long familiar;
Around us are hearts brave and true,
Many comrades who once fought together
'Neath the flag of the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS: 'Neath the flag, etc.

In the days of the past when the red men
Stole our herds, drove them off to the hills,
Laid in ambush in wait for their foemen,
Often close in the brush by the rills.
At Gravely Ford Wm. Tunnbridge was wounded;
At Twelve-mile Creek Hebe Houtz lost his life;
Many brave men to death's call responded,
In those dark days of trouble and strife.

CHORUS: In those dark days, etc.

Over three long sad years the war lasted;
More than seventy brave souls passed away;
Many thousands of dollars were wasted
In that gloomy and heartrending fray.
General Wells since those days has departed!
Other comrades have passed from our view;

Many who fell were brave and true-hearted,
'Neath the flag of the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS: 'Neath the flag, etc.

While we linger in joyful communion,
Our mind to those sad days go back;
Let these hours of pleasant reunion
Be welcomed in life's onward track;
When the bugle to us sounds death's warning,
We have fought the good fight and 'tis done;
May we wake with the just in the morning,
A place mid earth's valiant men won.

CHORUS: A place mid earth's etc.

MEMORIAL ODE.

BY M. E. CRANDALL, JR.

TUNE: Nearer My God To Thee.

Comrades, once more we turn
Our hearts to thee,
While in our bosoms burn
Sweet memory.
Lingering beside thy grave,
Comrades so true and brave,
Of God, our Father crave
Sweet rest for thee.

When on the battle-field,
 Facing the foe,
 Right for thy warrior shield
 Conquering did go.
 Now in a distant land
 A true and noble band,
 Valiant warriors stand
 Eternally.

Upon the grassy mound
 Garlands we spread,
 Until the bugle sound
 Calls forth our dead.
 Often in memory we
 Turn our hearts to thee;
 Dearer each year you'll be,
 Nearer to thee!

SWEET MEMORIES.

A SONG AND CHORUS, BY GEO. M'KENZIE.

TUNE: Home, Sweet Home.

Dear comrades of Heber,
 We greet you again
 With a war veteran's welcome;
 We will sing the refrain.
 We came as your brothers.
 Of the long, long ago,

When we drove back the savage,
Our dark Indian foe.

CHORUS:

Come, come, comrades, come,
Far across the great Wasatch,
Our comrades say come.

And you, ladies of Heber,
So grateful and fair,
With your high sense of honor
And smiles of good cheer,
We accept the grand welcome
Received at your hands
As a token of friendship
To an old veteran band.

CHORUS:

Our love for you, comrades,
Will never grow less.
Your grand royal welcome
So us as your guests,
Bids us to do homage
To comrades so grand.
We greet you, we greet you
As peers of the land.

CHORUS:

THE CITIZEN SOLDIER.

A SONG AND CHORUS, BY M. L. PRATT.

TUNE: The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to each heart is the love of old com-
rades

Who struggled and battled in years long ago;
When war, cruel war, spread its wide desolation
With the death-dealing savage, our terrible foe.
How eager, responsive, with pulse quickly beat-
ing

The true sons of Utah went marching along,
And bravely they fought till the foe was retreat-
ing,

'Twas the mountain-boy farmer, so sturdy and
strong.

CHORUS:

Then Hip, Hip, Hurrah! for the citizen soldier,
The Mormon boy soldier, so sturdy and strong.

We meet round our camp-fires telling the story,
Recalling those scenes that are many years past.
We marched to the front and followed "old
glory,"

Through hardships and battles, in storms' chilly
blast.

And when we had conquered the merciless sav-
age

How blessed to return to those loved ones at
home,

Where hearts that were grieving at war's fearful
 ravage
 Were anxiously, lovingly, bidding us come.

CHORUS:

They tell us of battles and heroes that slumber,
 Of mighty ones fallen in freedom's fair cause.
 There were three-score and ten out of our little
 number
 Who paid the great tribute to love's greatest laws.
 Here's a hearty good cheer and a loving, warm
 greeting,
 And tears for the fallen and cheers for you all.
 We eagerly look for our annual meeting,
 Renewing old friendships in social and ball.

CHORUS:

THE INDIAN WARS.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY LOUISA COX, AT FERRON,
 UTAH, FEB. 4TH AND 5TH, 1901.

TUNE: Battle Hymn of the Republic.

I have listened to the stories
 Of the veterans of the war,
 Telling of the things that happened
 In the land, both near and far.
 And my heart was thrilled with sorrow

As I listened to the tales
Of those cruel Indian wars.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory to our Utah boys,
Glory, glory to our Utah boys,
Glory, glory to our Utah boys,
Of those cruel Indian wars.

They tell of deeds of courage
As they tracked them o'er the plain;
They hunted them both night and day,
In sunshine or in rain,
In the rugged mountain passes
They were oft waylaid and slain,
In those cruel Indian wars.

CHORUS:

Their mothers, wives and sweethearts
They were waiting at their homes,
In constant dread of sorrow
For the time that was to come.
They were dreading that their loved ones
Would be brought back to their homes,
Killed in those Indian wars.

CHORUS:

They had not food enough to eat,
Nor even clothes to wear;
It seemed almost impossible
Their heavy loads to bear;

But they were always ready
 When the call they came to hear
 To fight in the Indian wars.

CHORUS:

They always left their loved ones
 In the hand of God above,
 Ever asking Him to guard them
 And protect them with His love;
 And may they be ever honored
 By the youth in years to come,
 The veterans of the Indian war.

CHORUS:

THE MARCH OF PEACE.

BY GEO. A. HICKS, AND SET TO MUSIC BY PROF.
 REES D. JAMES.

Dear comrades, we have met again
 To pass the time away—
 To shake each other by the hand
 And hear the music play;
 To talk about those dreadful days,
 When Indian wars were rife,
 And Wahker and his thieving band
 Were out for Mormon life.

CHORUS:

But now those dreadful days are gone;
Oh, may they ever cease.
Now comrades come and join with us
In the march of peace.

'Twas out in Sanpete's pleasant vale
Where many a comrade fell,
While fighting for his friends and home
And those he loved so well;
But now the Indians are at rest,
No more we hear their cries,
For we together live in peace
Beneath our mountain skies.

CHORUS:

Dear comrades we are growing old,
Our locks are turning gray;
And by the common lot of all
We soon must pass away
To meet again in that bright land
Where troubles are no more,
And live an everlasting life
With those we loved of yore.

CHORUS:

THE ARMY MULE.

TUNE: The Army Bean.

You may sing of your beans and hard-tack,
Of bad water you drank from the pool,
Of tin cup, canteen and haversack,
But you must not forget the old mule.

CHORUS:

Good old mule, army mule,
Both your ears were so graceful and long;
You were true to our flag,
So we'll praise you in story and song.

I have seen mules in march and in camp,
In the fight, and likewise in retreat;
But at night when for supper they'd call,
Bet your ears they could never be beat.

CHORUS:

Sometimes on a long weary march,
All our rations would fail, sure's you're born;
We would go and say "Please" Mister Mule,
Won't you let us have some of your corn.

CHORUS:

But although army mules are so fine,
There were times when the old fools would
kick

If you got near their hind legs in line,
 You'd be apt to withdraw feeling sick.

CHORUS :

Refrain: Tune: Tell Aunt Rhoda.
 Mule at sunrise, mule at noon-time,
 mule in the evening, a-c-g-a-k-g-a-g-g.

ASHES OF THE PAST.

BY GEO. M'KENZIE.

TUNE: Ben Bolt.

Oh, don't you remember Chief Wahker, my boys,
 Chief Wahker, we fought long ago;
 He sleeps with his braves on the gray mountain
 side,
 And no more on the warpath will go.

Their spirits have gone to their bright land, they
 say,
 Where the grasses forever are green;
 Where squaws are all beauties, and the game is
 all fat,
 And plenty of fish in the stream.

There was Tintic, and Black-hawk, and Chief
 Arrapeen,
 And Sanpitch, with all of their braves;

They all have passed out to the great hunting
ground,
Where the camp-fires burn bright for the braves.

Then rest to their ashes, we will meet them no
more,
In war paint and savage array;
But across the great pass we will meet them at
last,
As brothers we met in the fray.

Then peace to the braves on the gray mountain
side,
Where the wild birds their requiem sings;
May the Great Spirit guard till they meet their
reward
In the land that they saw in their dreams.

Then here at our camp-fire we will sing the old
songs
And think of the long vanished years,
When we fought for the cross and its white bar
of peace,
We forgive, we forgive, we forgive.

COMRADES' GREETING.

A SONG AND CHORUS, BY A. P. JOHNSON.

TUNE: Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.

My dear comrades we have gathered
 In reunion—and its joys—
 To renew the old acquaintance
 Formed in days when we were boys;
 To talk of scenes from childhood,
 Down unto the present day—
 When we all were young and joyous—
 Till our hair was frosted gray.

CHORUS:

But we have gathered here, we are a jolly band,
 Comrades dear, we'll shake the friendly hand.
 Let us all unite and boldly take a stand—
 There'll be joy 'round—the camp-fire—tonight!

It is pleasant to remember
 All the joys of early life—
 But it pains to be reminded
 Of the sorrows and the strife
 Of our hardships in the mountains,
 While trailing the red men
 For their wicked depredations
 That were happening there and then.

To steal and drive away our cattle,
 And our horses, they would send,
 Their lawless, wicked raiders
 Who would often kill our friends.

Thus weeks and months we guarded,
 By night as well as day,
 To protect our homes and loved ones—
 And to keep red men away.

CHORUS:

Long years have passed away,
 And peace again is o'er the land;
 The red men mingle with the white—
 They shake the friendly hand.
 And the scenes that caused us sorrow
 Have long since passed away,
 And all is peace and quiet,
 Now our heads have turned to gray.

CHORUS:

But the veterans have scattered—
 Some their whereabouts unknown—
 Some remain at the old homestead,
 Some to final rest have gone.
 Thus each story here related
 By this dear old veteran band
 Will oft vary from his neighbor
 That stood by him hand to hand.

CHORUS:

Now, while we're here assembled,
 May each one strive to be
 A part of this reunion,
 And to share its jollity,
 And when from here we've parted,
 And to our homes have went,
 May each one be light-hearted,
 And feel the time well spent.

CHORUS:

A POEM ON THE FIGHT AT DIAMOND CREEK.

 BY JOHN ROBERTSON.

Welcome comrades, welcome, son and sire.
 Welcome veterans to this, our third camp-fire,
 Welcome to our town, our new pavilion,
 Hope you'll all enjoy a march and cotillion.

If you want to know our excuse for being here,
 You'll find it in the history of the early pioneer.
 Suffice to say we willingly left our home
 And chose in the American Desert to roam.

Undaunted we set our faces to the West,
 Hoping to find some place in which to rest;
 We've read the poets, and heard the statesmen
 say,
 "Westward the Star of Empire wends its way."

Westward we couldn't further go, for on the
 coast
 We met the lynx-eyed Oriental host;
 We turned the waters of these sparkling rills,
 Built here a state 'mongst the everlasting hills.

The barriers that first claimed our attention—
 A few of them I now will mention—
 Drouth, crickets, grasshoppers, poisoned the land,
 The hungry savage, the red man, a threatening
 band.

Now our worthy leaders, wise, kind and true,
 Directed us the best course to pursue ;
 "Be on your guard, divide with him your fodder
 And treat him as you would a fallen brother."

"Fighting only makes him more a savage fiend,"
 Treat him honest, then an ally and a friend,
 Take no advantage of the untutored brave ;
 Let all your movements tend to raise and save.

But a crisis arose, we had to fight,
 And quickly we rallied to defend the right ;
 We love peace, and such we'll have at any cost.
 Then forward, boys, and let no time be lost.

Our captain's speech, extempore, on the spot,
 "Be valiant and fight, for them make it hot ;
 Don't think of retreat, we'er not after booty ;
 Be soldiers today, think of nothing but duty.

"Use your eye, and your ear, and also your hand ;
 Keep cool, and listen to every command.
 I think we can say it, and say it in truth,
 We've never sought a fight from the days of our
 youth.

"We never shed blood on any pretense,
 Excepting it be in our own self-defense."
 Thus spoke our captain, with a pretty strong
 lung,
 But more with his eye than he did with his
 tongue.

We've always courted peace, with her white
wings,
And all the bounteous harvests that she brings;
The victories of peace are greater far,
Than ever achieved by cruel war.

Comrades in peace, let this be our duty,
To make the mountain vales a place of beauty;
Let us redeem the wild and woolly West,
Find homes for the afflicted, the oppressed.

Let peace, charity and friendship all appear;
May the tree of liberty and freedom flourish here.
The desert that already blossoms as the rose,
In which we find peace and rest and sweet repose.

Let us emulate our patriotic sires,
while we meet in peace around our camp-fires.
Our reunions will stronger grow with this ce-
ment,
May this be our watchword, this our war spirit.

And then when time begins to thin our ranks,
For with old veterans he plays such pranks.
But we must recruit, more victories be won,
From Utah's best crop fill up, yes 16 to 1.

A FLAG ON EVERY SCHOOL HOUSE.

BY T. J. CROWE.

From the Grand Army Gazette.

Raise the flag on every school house,
Let it float upon the breeze,
Sing aloud "The Spangled Banner"
As it rises o'er the trees.
Tell the children all its story,
On the land and on the sea,
That its pet names are "Old Glory,"
And "The Banner of the Free."
That its red should e'er remind us
Of the blood by martyrs shed
That we might live in freedom's land,
After they were with the dead.
That its white our faith should strengthen,
That the people's cause is just,
And no monarch e'er shall rule us
But the God in whom we trust.
That its blue for truth eternal,
Like the azure sky above,
E'er should keep us true and loyal
And our nation's honor love,
Its stars shall lighten all the world,
And must prove to all that see
That the people can be trusted
With the boon of liberty.
Its stripes mean justice sure to fall
Upon all assailing foes,

It waves proudly and defiant
 Against all who dare oppose.

Float freedom's flag in freedom's breeze—
 Starry banner that we love—
 From the prairies to the seaboard,
 From the lakes to Orange Grove,

Raise the flag on every school house.
 Let it float upon the breeze,
 Tell the children of its triumphs
 On the land and on the seas

Many thousand noble freemen
 Gave their lives to prove its worth.
 The only flag that despots fear—
 Freemen's hope through all the earth.

It knows no sect, no race, no clan.
 Schemes and plots it doth defy.
 To freedom's storm-tossed struggling ship
 It is a rainbow in the sky,

Raise it high, mid spire and steeple,
 Let it glisten in the sun,
 It has no spot of shame to hide
 In all its victories won.

Tell the children that its symbol
 Is a state for every star.
 Tell them its victorious record
 In days of peace and cruel war.

Tell them it is theirs to cherish,
 That its stars must never set.
 That in future they'll defend it
 If need be with the bayonet.

Keep the flag on every school house,
 With your ballots it defend,
 Learning and freedom firmly join,
 Then our union ne'er shall end.

Let cheers arise unto the skies,
 Like great Niagara's roar,
 From the mountains of New England,
 To Pacific's golden shore.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

MUSIC AND WORDS BY EDWIN, BERTHA AND RUTH
 PEAY.

When the evening light was fading,
 And the stars in beauty smiled,
 Came a whisper like an echo,
 From the lips fast growing cold.
 In that bright and golden region
 With pearly gates so fair,
 He is gliding slowly onward,
 To be welcomed forever there.

CHORUS:

There was sadness on the camp-ground
 As the soldiers gathered 'round,
 Thinking of home and loved ones,
 And dear familiar forms.

"Mother raise me just one moment,"
 Came in accents soft and low,
 For the soldier he was dreaming
 Of the sweet times long ago.
 "Soon I'm coming home, dear mother,
 Never more to roam,"
 Then he stirred and groaned in agony,
 From his lips there come a moan.

CHORUS :

There was sadness on the camp-ground,
 There was pain in every heart,
 For the friend they loved
 Soon with them would have to part.

Comrades, as we here are gathered,
 On a camp-ground once again,
 Where many have been gathered,
 Yet few of us remain.
 Sweet echoes oft returning,
 From a far and distant shore,
 Reminds us of noble comrades,
 Who meet with us no more.

CHORUS :

As we gather 'round the camp-fire,
 To tell the stories old
 And not forget the silent ones,
 Who meet with us no more.

THE HEBER MILITIA.

(Communicated.)

Of all youthful recollections
That caused my heart to thrill
There's none like the Heber Militia
When they went out on drill.
And the way they used to rally
Of every size and age,
In ragged bands they gathered,
'Mid the waving of the sage.

They used to march in single file,
Around the ancient square.
And when the old school house was reached,
A halt was called right there.
The captain's orders then were heard
For men to shoulder arms!
And then we watched an hour or two
Their military charms.

I recollect they often used to fire a salute,
And all that had a musket there
Would toe the line and shoot,
But most of them were armed with clubs,
Prepared for heavy knocks,
So they retired from the ranks
And went to throwing rocks.

The officers would walk around
With butcher knife or dirk,
And desperation in their looks,
Prepared for bloody work;

They spoke of one Napoleon,
Who lived across the waves,
Who'd had a little rumpus
And filled two million graves.

They talked of old Britania,
And the force she had at arms,
And said we'd ought to have them here
To irrigate our farms.
And kind of help the women folks
To get the family grub
While we are on the battle field
Up to our knees in blood.

And then we'd have the fiery speech,
In military rage,
And cries of victory today!
Or never leave this sage.
'They'd then recount their battles,
And tell what they had done,

And some had cleaned the Indians out;
And some had thrashed their sons;
And some had kicked their parents
From the house where they were born.
The women stood in little groups
Around the battle-field,
And when their hero passed that way
They hollered, "Don't you yield!"

And when the battle is over,
And the soldiers in retreat,

Come over and I will pick
 The splinters out of your feet ;
 I watched their every movement
 In those happy childhood hours,
 And in my heart I pitied
 All the haughty foreign powers.
 O, how I did admire those civil engineers,
 Though most of them were sleeping
 In the shade of bygone years.

MORAL :

Lives of great men remind us
 We can make our lives like theirs,
 And departing leave behind us
 Foot-prints large as grizzly bears.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR NO. 2.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY LOUISA COX, AT FERRON,
 UTAH, FEB. 4TH AND 5TH, 1901.

TUNE: Marching Through Georgia.
 Old Black-hawk and his warriors
 Were plundering our lands,
 A-murdering our people,
 Destroying them in bands.
 The people raised enmasse,
 And united they did stand,
 Defending their families and homes.

CHORUS:

Hurrah, hurrah, our boys were brave and true,
 Hurrah, hurrah, we'll give them honor due,
 For they did drive old Black-hawk and his fol-
 lowers away
 That the saints might dwell here more peaceful.

There were many homes left sorrowful
 By Black-hawk and his crew,
 In murdering the people
 Just to see what they could do;
 Why even little children
 Were killed and stolen, too,
 Victims of the war that seemed so long.

CHORUS:

The reason why the saints come
 From Missouri's favored homes,
 They were driven from possessions dear
 To wander off alone,
 By a people who delight to scorn
 The followers of Christ,
 So they landed here in Utah in the West.

CHORUS:

Across a trackless desert
 They traveled many a day,
 Their hearts were never downcast,
 They ne'er forgot to pray,
 Unto their Great Redeemer
 To guide them on their way,
 To the peaceful land of Utah far away.

CHORUS :

And after they had landed here,
 Prepared to raise their bread,
 The red men of the desert
 Was their constant trial and dread.
 But God was always with them—
 To His will they tried to bend,
 And He brought them off victorious.

CHORUS :

 A BALLAD OF DIXIE.

BY GEO. A. HICKS.

TUNE: Georgia Volunteers.
 Once I lived in "Cottonwood,"
 And owned a little farm,
 But I was called to Dixie,
 Which gave me much alarm,
 To raise the cane and cotton,
 I right away must go;
 But the reason why they sent me,
 I'm sure I do not know.

I yoked old Jim and Bally up,
 All for to make a start
 To leave my house and garden,
 It almost broke my heart.
 We moved along quite slowly,
 And often looked behind,

For the sands and rocks of Dixie
Kept running through my mind.

At length we reached the "Black Ridge,"
Where I broke my wagon down;
I could not get a carpenter—
We were twenty miles from town.
So with a clumsy cedar pole
I fixed an awkward slide.
My wagon pulled so heavy then,
That Betsy couldn't ride.

While Betsey was a-walking,
I told her to take care,
When all upon a sudden
She struck a prickly pear;
Then she began to blubber out
As loud as she could bawl.
If I was back at "Cottonwood"

I wouldn't come at all.
When we reached the Sandy
We could not move at all,
For poor old Jim and Bally
Began to puff and lawl.
I whipped and swore a little,
But could not make the route,
For myself, the team and Betsey
Were all of us give out.

Next we got to Washington,
Where we stayed a little while,
To see if April showers

Would make the verdure smile.
 But, oh! I was mistaken,
 And so we went away;
 For the red hills of November
 Looked just the same in May.

I feel so sad and lonely,
 There's nothing here to cheer,
 Except prophetic sermons,
 Which we very often hear.
 They will hand them out by dozens,
 And prove them by the book,
 But I'd rather have some roasting ears,
 To stay at home and cook.

I feel so weak and hungry,
 I think I'm nearly dead.
 'Tis seven weeks next Sunday
 Since I have tasted bread.
 Of carrot tops and lucern greens
 We have enough to eat,
 But I'd like to change my diet off
 For buckwheat cakes and meat.

I brought this old coat with me,
 About two years ago,
 And how I'll get another one,
 I'm sure I do not know.
 May Providence protect me
 Against the wind and wet,
 I think myself and Betsey
 These times we'll ne'er forget.

My shirt is dyed with wild dockroot,
 With greasewood for a set;
 I fear the colors all will fade,
 When once it does get wet.
 They said we could raise madder
 And indigo so blue,
 But that turned out a humbug,
 The story was not true.

The hot winds whirl around me
 And take away my breath,
 I've had the chills and fever,
 Till I'm nearly shook to death.
 "All earthly tribulations,
 Are but a moment here."
 And, oh, if I prove faithful
 A righteous crown shall wear.

My wagon's gone for sorgum seed,
 To make a little bread,
 And poor old Jim and Bally
 Long ago are dead.
 There's only me and Betsey left
 To hoe the cotton tree.
 May heaven help the Dixieite
 Wherever he may be.

Written in Dixie, 1864.

GREETING TO OLD COMRADES.

 BY GEORGE M'KENZIE.

TUNE: Green Mossy Banks of the Lea.
 We have come to meet you, old comrades,
 And greet you with music and song,
 And to honor your royal reception,
 That lured us so far from our home.
 We belong to the Legion of Honor, :
 That story our banners proclaim,
 And the love that we bear for each other,
 Shall forever and ever remain.

Each year at the roll-call of honor :
 There are comrades who fail to respond ;
 Some died by the red savage arrows,
 And others from their homes have been borne.
 But we know that again we shall meet them,
 When we pass on to life's other side,
 Then again we'll be banded together,
 Safe moored from the ebb of life's tide.

But today as we meet with our comrades,
 With our sweethearts and wives by our side,
 And with joy and friendship together,
 We will lay all our life's cares aside.
 We will step to the notes of the music,
 And swing with the loved ones so free,
 We'll be happy as the lords of the manor,
 That danced on the banks of the lea.

THE COMRADES OF THE BLACK-HAWK WAR.

LINES COMPOSED BY BARBARA K. RHODES, OF LEHI.

Comrades, comrades of the war,
 Among our adored, the noblest star,
 Equipped, and in your saddles are.
 Off to the Black-hawk war.

One afternoon as the sun shone bright,
 Two young men at my cottage rode up to alight
 To say adieu, for they were called to fight,
 We're off to the Black-hawk war.

Long may you live, and may your banner wave;
 You went young Utah's life to save,
 The murderous hand of the savage to stay,
 Down in the Black-hawk war.

Some brave the storm of the Klondike cold,
 In search of the filthy lucre, gold;
 But the bravest of the heroes remain untold—
 Those of the Black-hawk war.

It was hard times before, in the days of the flood,
 When little was done, save the shedding of blood.
 Your names, oh, long may they live.
 In the land of the free and the home of the
 brave.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLAN.

BY GEORGE M'KENZIE.

TUNE: Plains of Mexico.

The assembly call has sounded,
 Has gone forth to our band,
 'Tis the night of our reunion,
 And bright our camp-fire burns.
 We are out on parole of honor,
 With furlow safe in hand,
 To hold high jinks at Reynolds',
 This dear old comrade band.

CHORUS:

Fall in! fall in!
 Fall in, you dear old comrades,
 Who rallied to the call
 And drove back the Indian foemen,
 And brought sweet peace to all.

We are getting old and cranky,
 So the young folks tells us now;
 But we meet on these occasions
 For just to show them how
 We enjoy life's social pleasures
 In these rallies with our friends,
 As we trip the light fantastic
 In our old-style contray tems.

CHORUS:

Then three cheers for all the comrades,
 Three cheers all down the line;

Three cheers for past achievements,
 We always come to time.
 And here in grand reunion
 With joy and love for all,
 We will trip the light fantastic
 To our prompter's "balance all."

COMRADES.

BY M. L. PRATT.

Comrades, years ago we gathered;
 We were young and buoyant, then,
 Just the kind the country needed;
 Just the age for fighting men.
 Black-hawk then was on the war-path,
 Leader of an Indian band,
 Cruel as could be a savage,
 Dealing death throughout the land.

From the South came news of battle—
 News of cruel Indian war.
 Many friends were slain in Sanpete—
 Scalped and welt'ring in their gore.
 Then the boys of Utah County
 At the call for volunteers,
 We, my comrades, quickly rallied
 To protect the South frontier.

Salt Lake, also, sent her quota;
 Heber Kimball in command.

All were comrades, all were soldiers,
 All were brothers in the land.
 "Forward!" now rang out the bugle;
 Captain Conover led us through.
 "Boys," said he, "we'll on to Sanpete,
 For I guess they're needing you."

Well, you know the rest, my comrades—
 How we strove to do the right;
 How we scouted, herded, guarded;
 Had our fun in camp at night.
 How, comrade—William Tunnbridge—
 Wounded there at Gravely Ford,
 Got his man—a hateful savage—
 Made one less among their horde.

That was '66, my comrades:
 There were many out that year—
 Near two thousand, altogether.
 Jolly Mormon volunteers.
 General Wells, the gray-haired veteran,
 Father, brother, soldier true,
 Came in person to command us,
 Came to see us safely through.

Then again in '67,
 Men were wanted as beofre.
 We responded, fellow comrades,
 And were in the camp once more.
 But my story must not lengthen:
 It was much the same again,
 Though I now would mention comrades—
 Faithful comrades who were slain.

Major Vance and Houtz, our sergeant
 Bravely fought and nobly died.
 They no more will hear the bugle
 Only on "the other side."
 When the trump of God shall waken,
 Soldiers, patriots, true and brave,
 Through the glorious resurrection
 They will rally from the grave.

Seventy of our friends have fallen
 By the hands of savage foe,
 But it cost the red men dearly—
 Twice that number were laid low.
 Now we hold this grand reunion.
 We are young again tonight;
 Though our locks are turning silver,
 Soon will change to purer white.

Joy and peace be yours forever,
 May no evil e'er befall,
 Soldiers, veterans, here assembled,
 Happy greeting to you all.
 May we meet beyond the River
 In that land so pure and free,
 Bound by strongest ties of friendship,
 Lasting as eternity.

PIONEER LIFE IN UTAH.

BY GEORGE M'KENZIE.

What a story these words impart—
Trials of want and hardship,
That were borne by the brave, true hearts
Of grand men and noble women,
Who from a distant land had come
To the vales of the Rocky Mountains
To build themselves new homes.

The lands were dry and arid,
And it seemed that nothing could grow,
With no moisture from the heavens
But the wintry storm of snow;
But they dammed up the mountain torrents,
Turned the streams on the parched-up earth,
And the golden grain sprang upward
And paid for the toilsome work.

It was first the rude log cabin,
And next the grim stockade
To guard their wives and children
Safe from the savage raid.
It was next to fight the crickets
That came in millions strong
To take the first scant harvest
That had grown in this new land.
And it seemed that naught could save it
From the great marauding band.

But they believed that they were shielded
By the strong right arm of God,

And it gave them hope and courage
 On the thorny path they trod.
 Then great clouds of flying seagulls
 Destroyed the cricket horde,
 And the first poor crop was gathered
 And in the new homes safely stored.
 Then prayers went up to heaven
 From every lowly home,
 And peace and hope were with them.
 Throughout the wintry storms.

Next spring they dug the segos
 From off the mountain spur
 To eat with their scant rations
 They had grown the year before;
 But, somehow, hope was with them
 That yet they'd overcome
 All these trials and these hardships
 Before their lives were done.

Next against the hostile savage
 These brave hearts had to stand,
 They killed and wounded many
 Of our devoted band.
 They drove off our cows and horses,
 And brought sorrow to our land,
 And it was hard for to subdue them
 In this Rocky Mountain land.

But we fought them, and we fed them—
 Some are living here today,
 Both meek and friendly neighbors,
 With their war-paint washed away.

Then next we were assaulted
 By a great destroying band—
 Black clouds of gaunt grasshoppers
 Spread broadcast o'er the land.
 One-half the crops were taken,
 And it seemed that all must go;
 And we talked about Elijah and the ravens,
 And the tales of long ago.

But we rallied and we drove them,
 And the last poor half was saved.
 And we were thankful for half-rations,
 With our hopes still undismayed.

Next the Hand-cart emigration,
 Caught by the wintry storms
 Two hundred miles from rescue
 And our Rocky Mountain home.
 They were starving, they were dying,
 Their hope and strength had fled,
 And the grey wolves of the mountain
 Standing sentinel over their dead.

Then our Great Chief sent word to rally,
 That a rescue must be made;
 To take all of the best horses
 And form a light brigade;
 Load up with food and raiment,
 Bring shawls and dresses warm;
 For to dig through the mountain snow-drifts
 Great trials must be borne.

Then at the call to rescue
 Forth went the light brigade,
 With courage like those others
 That filled a soldier's grave.
 They dug through the mountain snow-drifts,
 And crossed the snow-clad land
 To the sorrowful camp at the end of the tramp
 Of the starving Hand-cart band.

The scenes of that rescue never can be told.
 The weak and the weary, the young and the old
 Down on their knees;
 The prayers that were said
 To their Father in heaven
 And that grand light brigade
 That brought hope, food and raiment,
 And for all sorrows laid.

Well, we rescued all the living
 And gave burial to the dead;
 Then for home across the mountains
 That grand retreat was made.
 Again we dug the snow-drifts
 And crossed the snow-clad land.
 Then down to Salt Lake City
 We brought that Hand-cart band.
 Then the shouting of the people,
 As they cheered the light brigade
 That had crossed the snowy mountains
 And the rescue they had made.

Then a hush fell on the people,
 As our chief stepped forth and said:

"Nobly done! you grand young heroes;
With all honors you shall be paid."

And next our chief sent word to rally
Once more the light brigade;
That a mail line must be established
From the Missouri to Salt Lake.
To take all of our best horses,
Build stations and stock the road
Down through a hostile country,
Where the painted savage roamed.

Well, we built up that great stage line,
And the "Y. X." it was named.
'Tis a name that should be written
In the history of the plains.
We had trouble with the Indians—
Had a round-up with the Crows—
And away down in the Platt valley
We were held up by the Sioux.
But we carried on that stage line
All across that homeless land,
Until by Uncle Sam's great order,
He took the contract off our hand.

But with all of these old trials
We were a joyous, happy band.
All were friends and stood together.
We were Knights Templars of the land.
And our sweethearts—all grand ladies—
How we took them to the ball
Down in that dear old log school house—
Not just like this Reynolds Hall—

But to us it was a castle,
 Filled with joy and love for all.

Then at the raid of James Buchanan
 Forth went the light brigade,
 To guard the mountain passes,
 So no unknown army could invade.

This bright land that we called ours
 By the effort we had made.
 But again the white-winged angel
 Brought the olive-branch of peace,
 And Buchanan's raid was over
 And our trouble was surcease.

All these with many others,
 This old pioneer band passed through.
 But each year their prospects brightened,
 And more strong their colonies grew.
 And today these old Crusaders
 Clasp each other by the hand,
 And think with joy upon the outcome
 Of the trials they have borne.

And now at these grand reunions,
 Where the stories of the past
 Are always told by some old comrade,
 Long and joyous may they last;
 And though our cheeks have lost their roses,
 And our pass may soon be here,
 May kind thoughts be ever cherished
 For the Utah pioneer.

ROLL CALL TONIGHT.

TUNE: Tenting on the Old Camp-ground.
 We had roll-call tonight on the old camp-ground,
 Proudly we answered "Here."
 And we thought of the roll-calls of long ago,
 So full of anxious fear.
 Of the days when Black-hawk's cruel braves,
 With poisoned dart and bow,
 Might spring from behind some rock or tree
 And lay some comrade low.

CHORUS:

Roll-call tonight! roll-call tonight! roll-call with-
 out a fear.
 Roll-call tonight! answered tonight by many a
 comrade dear.

We had roll-call tonight on the old camp-ground;
 From many no answer came.
 So we made a search for the missing ones—
 Alas, the search was vain.
 When we asked reports from our comrades true,
 Some of the things they said
 Were "feeble" and "weak" and "old," you know,
 And some dear comrades dead.

CHORUS:

Roll-call tonight! roll-call tonight! roll-call on
 the old camp-ground.
 Showed us tonight, many tonight, resting 'neath
 a green earth-mound.

WHEN THE BLACK-HAWK WAR WAS IN UTAH.

TUNE: Marching Through Georgia.

Come comrades, let us gather at the tap of drum
again,
And answer yet to roll-call like a lot of valiant
men.
We'll show our sons and daughters how we used
to gather then,
When the Black-hawk war was in Utah.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! we are the soldiers brave!
Hurrah! hurrah! who fought this land to save!
Who snatched fair Utah's freedom from the
dusky Indian brave,
And marched against Black-hawk's cruel army.
We used to feel the danger in the way they beat
the drum;
We used to know exactly with what speed we
ought to come.
And we used to shoulder muskets to the rub-a-
dub-dub-dum,
And gather for the Indian war in Utah.

CHORUS:

We didn't stop to question then how much we
had to do,

Nor did the government pay us for our work
when we got through;
But we fought for home and loved ones like a
band of brothers true,
And finished up the Black-hawk war in Utah.

CHORUS:

We wouldn't like to fight that war nor live those
days again,
Nor do we long to meet the "Hawk" with all his
warlike men.
We're glad those fearful times are past, those
troubles at an end,
And peace, blessed peace, is now in Utah.

CHORUS:



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The Utah Indian War veteran's
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